

Around the same time there was the arrival of a second brother, Pete. One day after typing practice, I wondered who Mother was talking to in a strange language of coos and ahhha. Rounding the corner, I saw my tiny brother Pete as he lay on the changing table. As he suddenly arched a fountain high into the air, Mother's unruffled acceptance of this outrageous event surprised me. Her gift of patience and enjoyment of babies became mine in later years.

"It is rude to ask for something," Mother warned at Christmastime. She was aghast that our friend made out a "list" for Santa. "The best gift you can give is one that you make," she insisted. Over the years she made much ado over homemade gifts of scented apples spiked with multiple cloves or another clay ashtray even though she did not smoke. If we complained about gifts our friends received, Mother would quote, "I cried because I had no shoes until I met a man who had no feet."

"Oh, that's silly, Mother," we'd counter. •"Everyone has feet." As usual, Mother knew a lot of things we didn't.

Her Homemaking

Mother never complained about the housewife's lot but kept her home humming for five children and husband. Year after year mountains of clothes were washed and tons of food were cooked, but it wasn't her calling in life. She kept a hidden agenda which she broke out later. Breakfast was always waiting, though sometimes odd by our standards.